

WHAT THE BABY WANTED.

a Lesson from This Child's Journal. Dr. Guster gave a German newspaper the brief but pathetic journal of a baby who, after thirteen days in this world, departed, leaving these reflec-

tions for our instruction: First Day-Wonderful, heavenly! At last I am in this beautiful world! Who would have thought it, that one could breathe, freely breathe, and cry out what one thinks? I rejoice particularly in the sunlight and blue sky, in the fresh, pure air with its coolness. If I could only see and feel all this splen-

Second Day-Ch, this horrible heat! I have been deceived. This air, this water, this light; how entirely different have I imagined it would be. But patience, all will come right by and by. The old weman who cares for me does not seem to understand me.

Fifth Day-Still no solution. If it goes on this way I cannot hold out long. The whole livelong day must I lie buried in feather cushions so that I can scarcely gasp down a bit of air. Two linen and one flannel binders, a little shirt, a flannel slip, a long cushion filled with feathers in which I am wrapped from head to foot, over this a coveriet filled with feathers, the curtains of my crib drawn to, the room darkened with double curtains, the windows closed, so must I, poor worm, he from morning till evening. My burning skin is worse off than the hot stove near me, which can at least, as I feel, give off its heat. Oh, that I did know what I shall do. If I cry it brings the old woman with her milk, which increases my misery; if my hands are cold while my brain and skin are burning, she brings a few more wraps. I turn my half closed eyes from to side seeking help, and my tormentor says "the baby shivers," and really heats the horrible things at the

Will no one come to my relief? Tenth Day-Again a fearful night! I ery, but I am not understood. I must drink, drink and again drink until the stomach overflows. A half hour later they give me something with a horrible

no help from this world? Twelfth Day-Yesterday there was a great council of my aunts and consina.

glory. All down the valley and high up over the blue face of heaven was a glow Each one advised a different remedy for my sickness, but all agree that its cause over the golden landscape of paradise, head, and I received a new kind of mended, and I received a new kind of infant food just discovered and some tremulously. strengthening wine, which heated my brain yet a little more, so that I was deathly still. My body is wrapped so tightly with the roller that my stomach overflows every time a tesspoonful of anything is given. My feet are forcibly extended and enveloped so I cannot bring them up to relieve the pain, but

Thirteenth Day-Farewell, thou beautiful world. Thy light and thine air have been denied me, but thither where I go there are no fetters.

Pure Coal.

Much of our linglish coal is of a some- lake. tain slate and other earthy impurities, but also, unfortunately, pyrites, more mingled inquiry and alarm, said, "Joseph. but also, unfortunately, pyrites, more than one-half of which consists of sulphur. Our coal fields are being worked out with a velocity which produces anxlety in the misds of all who are interested about the future of the country We cannot afford to waste even the poorest kind of fuel, and the propriety f restricting exportation has repeatedly been urged with powerful arguments. But in the meantime the burning of irapure and dirty coal is a source of tribulation to housekeepers and of injury to

A process of Mr. Lubrig's appears to be an improvement upon various pre- Lugnaquilla." vious attempts, renders it possible for colliery owners to clean, and to some extent purify, without great expense, the coal before it is sent away. The system involves a series of operations, in which are included dry separation. breaking, sixing, washing, recovery of sindge, automatic transportation, etc. It is said that the method is already in successful operation in many places, and from a sanitary, no less than from an economic, point of view every one must hope for its success.-London Lancet.

a Missouri Banking Method In Missouri they have little family savings banks in the homes of the people, given by one of the banks of St. At stated intervals a representative of the bank comes around with the key, counts the money in the presence of the depositors, takes it away and gives them credit for the amount.-Philsdelphia Ledger.

A Mammoth Clock.

A new clock of large proportions is being made for St. Paul's cathedral, in London. Some idea of the size of this clock may be formed when it is known that the hammer which strikes the bell weighs 680 pounds. - New York Journal.

You would not suspect it from the taste; there is codliver oil in Scott's Emulsion.

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| - all druggists everywhere do. | \$1. TRUE TO THE LAST.

A man said unto his angel:
"My spirits are fallen through,
And I cannot carry this battle;
Oh, brother, what shall I do?

"The terrible kings are on me With spears that are deadly bright; Against me so from the cradle De fate and my fathers fight?" Then said to the man his angel:

"Thou wavering, foolish soni, Back to the ranks! What matter

"Adjudged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see;
Not thus, by the outer issue, The wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the very, the only, The solemn event of things: The weakest of hearts defying, Is stronger than all these kings

"Though out of the paths they gather, Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pa And pallid Thirst of the Spirit That is kin to the other twain.

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners, And ringleted Vain Desires, And Vice, with the spoils upon him, Of thee and thy beaten sires. "What hands snever have armed them Toward victory still to ride, A meaning left to the rebel,

A use to the regicide. "So bitter and large a meaning. A vehement use so trne. One steady intent to scorn them Doth scorn them and slay them tool

"While kings of eternal evil Yet darken the hills about, The part is with broken saber To rise on the last redoubt.

To fear not sensible failure, Nor covet the game at all, But fighting, fighting, fighting, Die, driven against the wall -Louise Imagen Guiney in Boston Pilet.

A WICKLOW STORY.

Many years ago two beings dwelt in the valley of Giendalough-i. s., the valley of the two lakes. One was in his sixteenth summer. The other had scarcely seen her thirteenth spring. They were the children of two well to do peasants, neighbors in that peaceful valley, and their young lives had hitherto passed away as dreamily as the sound of the wat-rfall beside their doors. They were ever together. Their parents looked on their intimacy and smiled. And day by day as they wan-dered out into the fields to gather flowers, threading the mazy pathways of the woods scaling, like young mountain chamois, the giddy cliffs around, they became more en into each other's being until, even in their early youth, they were like two tendrils-intertwined with each other.

And so Joseph and Agnes grew up. One morning in the latter part of autumn they they give me something with a horrible met at the old spring under the hillside, taste from a teaspoon. Air, air, pure, and set out to gather wild flowers for the cool air, light, water! Shall I then have coming festival-for the valley in those days was not so sparse of vegetation as it is today. The day was bright with autumn gence, while the wind murmured low and

"Let us go to Lugnaquilla," said Joseph.
"for there are the choicest flowers, and the
day is so beautiful we can go and return before nightfall."

Lugnaquilla is the highest mountain in Wicklow. Agnes hesitated a moment, and then said, "We shall lose sight of the mountain as soon as we enter the woods, but I know the way, let us go!" and hand my feeling is gradually going. Would in hand they wended their way. So full of that all were soon over. had wandered from flower to flower until the sun was at the noon, without remembering that they ought long since to have been at the mountain of Lugnaquilla. All at once, however, in the midst of their mirth. this reflection came across them like a dark shadow on the bosom of some sunny

what low quality. Not only does it con- They paused involuntarily, and Agnes, where are we, and where is the mountain of Lugnaquilla?"

"I surely don't know the way," answered the boy, "and this seems like and yet unlike it. Ah: here is the road—no, it cannot be"-and be paused, bewildered.

"We are not lost, are we, Joseph?" said the maiden in trembling tones, drawing closer to her companion's side. Surely, we are not lost on the mountain? Oh, no!" answered the boy, cheer-ing his companion, though his heart echoed not back his words. "I have only missed the way a little and will soon find it again.

Rest awhile, Agnes, while I climb this tree to look out for the bluff brow of the But, alas! it was nowhere to be seen. With alarm he beheld nothing, on every hand around, but rugged hills—and here and there a valley opened out before him but it was strange to the boy's eyes and there was no familiar feature in all that

wild landscape. It were a long story to relate how there two young beings wandered on from high poon until almost twilight, threading tangled forests, crossing mountain streams and scaling the rugged precipices crossing their path, in the vain hope of reaching the valley from which they had set out. Joseph never desponded, and if Agnes burst into tears at new disappointments he would cheer her with new hopes, until she grew ashamed to weep and smiled again as sweetly as ever. Mile after mile was thus left behind, yet they saw no signs around them of human life. All was wild, solftary, sublime. As night drew on the heart of Joseph began to despond, though he still strove to smile on Agnes.

"Oh. Joseph, it is not fear," she said covered tearfully, "that I feel, for are you not near Tribune. me? But it is that my mother and yours, too, Joseph, will think all night that we

Meantime the twilight had darkened around them, and the wind, which had been shifting all around the horizon during the afternoon, came out at length from the bleak north. Often in those upper regions the day that opens with a sum-mer's warmth will set in at sunset with the frest of December. Poor Agnes had been brought up with tender nurture, and now, when the storm came on in its fury, pelling fleroely on her unsheltered form, though Joseph covered her tenderly as he would a dove in his own mantle, yet even that could not keep out the keen breath of the tempest. Alas for the unfriended situation of those two innocent young be ings, alone in the forest, with night setting in and no covering for their heads but the

tempestuous heavens. Well might Agnes cling closer to Joseph as the storm howled fiercer overhead-and well might the tears gush unbidden even into his eyes as he thought of the frail being whose life he had imperiled, and get, to save her, he would have laid down his

own existence. But the storm waxed louder and louder, and the cold breeze be-came intense, as when it freezes the lakes in a single breath of the burricane. Their frail clothing could not keep out the biting blast that the next moment froze upon their garments. They felt-that drowsiness was stealing upon them, and yet they knew that it was death; they sat half sheltered against a tree, fast losing all recollection. Awhile they murmured of their lost way, of home, of heaven, and then there was a silence. Suddenly a light flashed over Joseph's fast dimming memory, that to sleep thus was to close forever and rous.

mg himself he approached Agnes and con jured her to awake. "Agnes, dear Agnes," said he, "wake,

lie not motionless, dear Agnes. Awake! "Joseph, I am very cold." she said, as she revived at his plaintive ejaculation. "Let

"But, Agnes, you must not sleep," said

But she only smiled. His words were in vain. Her mind was wandering in dreams. wain. Her mind was wannering in deams. With agony of heart Joseph at length gave over in despair, and wrasping his mantle closer around Agnes, threw himself down under a tree and resolved to share the same fate as the girl whose life was fast

ebbing away. Far away in their happy homes the light still burned in the window for their beacon, and their mothers sat, broken hearted, weeping for them as for the dead

And their fathers-where were they? Out on the hillside in the storm searching for their lost ones, hunting every well known resort, and under the precipices and in the streams, assisted by their neighborn, with torches flashing out across the darkness, and their warning halloos ringing far and clear along the night. For an hour they maintained their search, until they reached the stream whence Joseph and Agnes had set out for Lugnaquilla. There they paused, bewildered and uncertain where to proceed. Every nook and dell and cliff around had been ransacked in vain, and now, as they stood there in the torchlight, despair was seen on each coun-

But did we say all despaired? No. One still hoped—the pastor of the flock: for he, too, gray haired though he was, had turned out into the pelting storm; and now he stood there in the midst of the seekers. and, baring his white locks to the fcy wind, called on all to join him in a prayer that the loved ones might vet be rescued from death and restored to their parents. and even as he closed a smile of hope and holy faith played on his face as if it were the face of an apostle, and just then, too, a favorite dog of Agnes', which had seemed forgotten hitherto, sprang from the group and, with nose upon the ground, ran bark-

ing wildly away up the hillside
"My children," said the old priest, "God
hath already auswered our prayers and
sent this dumb animal to lead us on our
way. See' he hath found the path the dear ones took. Fear not. Let us follow."

And they followed as he led. And on they went, mile after mile, up hillside and around the mountain, and then down into the valley and up the hillside once more and away and away, until the chill air made even some of those strong men shiv-er. Yet never for a moment did the faithful hound swerve from his way, nor did his followers faiter or doubt, but on they kept, until the storm had almost subsided and full two hours' time had passed since they set forth on their search. At length, with a loud cry of joy, the dog dashed madly forward, and that eager hand, old and young, together harrying on, beheld at a sudden turn the two dear ones they sought lying side by side in the half sheltered nook, shrouded in the key garments they had wrapped around them ere they sank to sleep.

They sprang as one man to their sides. But alas! though a smile was on each dear one's cheek, yet all the color had fled from thence and cold and motionless were Joseph and Agnes. Like an ice bolt through their parents' heart came the conviction of their deaths. But the old priest did not despair. Laying his hand upon their hearts he ejaculated: "They live; their hearts beat faintly still. Praised be the Lord!" "My child: My child!" was all the parents could nitter, as with mingled sobs and thanksgiving they bent over the rescued

A rude litter was hastily formed for the sufferers. They were then wrapped in gar-ments torn from the backs of bardy men, who bore them on their shoulders home: and the first dawn of recollection that broke slowly on Joseph and Agnes was in her father's cottage, with kind neighbors fostering the warmth in their chilled frames, and their parents hanging over them with

tears of thankfulness and joy.

What more have we to add! Nothing. save that five years later there was a wed-ding in the valley of Glendalough and that Agnes and Joseph were the bride and groom. - Barry O'Conner in New York

Rivalry in High Life.

What amuses me more than anything else in society," said a rather cynical woman of fashion. "is to watch and see just a little more than is betrayed on the surface: I confess it interests me vastly, although you may think it rather trivial on my part-but it is like reading Thackeray's 'Book of Snobs' illustrated by tableau vivants. At a dinner the other evening, before one of the biggest balls of the season, Mesdames V and Z who were receive' at the big affair later on, were both present, regal in their jewels and gen-eral magnificence. 'What is the matter with Mrs. Y. F said Mrs. S. who sat next me. 'Do you notice how distrait and worried she seems?' 'Yes, and I know the reason, I answered; 'Mrs. Z. has on better lewels than she has and her diamonds have never been eclipsed before. 'Nonsense,' said my neighbor, 'that

surely cannot be the reason; she is too much a woman of the world to give herself away like that. But she certainly looks anything but pleased about something. "And indeed her sulkiness or whatever it was, was obvious and after dinner she left very early, making some excuse about going home before the ball. 'She is going to put on more jewels, you will see.' I whispered to Mrs. S. 'Well,' she replied. if she does, I will say that you are a pretty clever mind reader.' A little later, when we happened to go into the ballroom to-gether, I gave her a triumphant glance— Mrs. Z. had managed to muster just a few

more brilliants than her rival and had recovered her good humor."-New York

Telling the Bees. Whittier's ballad, "Telling the Bees," was suggested by a remarkable custom brought from the eld country and for merly prevailing in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member formed of the fact, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from saving their bives and seek ing a new house.

A Good Excuse. Mistress-Wity, Ricke, is it not shameful that it has taken you an hour to fetch half a pound of conice from the grocer's? Servant—Pirase, M'm, I have brought a

A Hint to Movers. A colored man who was hunting a house

whole pound!-Nevesta Witne.

to move into was asked if he paid his rem Yes, sah," he said rather hesitatingly "Can't you get a recommendation?

"Oh, yes, sah, I can get Mr. Smith, my landlord, to give me a recommendation." "How do you know you can?"
"Oh. I know I can, cause he wants me to get out,"—Tetas Siftings.

Vigorous Kissing.

Mother-Bobbe, come right up stairs
this instant and change your shoes and

stockings. Mother-Indeed they are, just souking

I can bear three "sop, sop, sop" whenever

Bobby-That's six and Mr. Nicefells in

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MASCULINE MENTION.

Mr. Winans, the superintendent of pub-lic instruction in Kansas, was formerly a

me of \$1,500,000, and stands at the top of his class of income taxpayers.

as president general of the Theosophical society on account of old age and impaired

the poor every year. Captain Andreas, a well known Chica-

John D. Rockefeller has three watchmen

somest men in the British persage. He is a few years under seventy, with hair of silvery whiteness, but with all the activity and vigor of youth.

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Ex-Governor Bob Taylor, of Tennessee is noted as a man who is fond of a prac-

bricklayer in Atchison. Krupp, the great gunmaker, is taxed on

Colonel Olcott has resigned his position

Loubet, the head of the new French cabinet, is described as a man who has been stateen years in public life without making

Vice President Morton is reported to be

s man of many charities, who in a quiet way gives tens of thousands of dollars to gar, who makes life miserable for him by

retending to be his brocher. Frank McLaughlin, the publisher and one of the principal owners of the Phila-delphia Times, though not so large physically, bears a close facial resemblance to

in his employ who stand guard eight hours at a time. Jay Gould has three. Colone Elliot F. Shepard has a six foot Irishman to watch his house. The Duke of Peanfort is one of the hand-

Jack Irvin, of Glover's Mills, Kr. Is over eighty years of age, and he houses that for the last thirty-ex years he has not drain! any water, confining himself to sea, coff-

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

oldest of the surviving pioneers of Wiscon-sin, at one time carried the mail from Milwankee to Madison, leaving letters on the way at loghouses scattered along the In-

Ex-Speaker Reed recently defined a atesman as a successful politician who is dead, and immediately a Boston man tele-graphed him, asking, "Why doe's you die!" This was the reply, "Not yet; fame is the last infirmity of noble minds." gus are fully as comfortable as a pales

Sir William Thomson, F. R. S., D. C. L., LL. D., the famous scientist recently sle-vated to the porrage has selected as his ttle Baron Kelvin. The new peer has long and a worldwide reputation as a man of ce, especially in the domain of elec-

General Nelson A. Miles should in the regular order of premotion become the general commanding the United States army two years hence. In that case he will be the first man since General Winfield Scott not graduated at West Point to hold Congressman Lou Stewart, of Illinois, has one home interest that he never neg-lects. Whenever a circus comes anywhere

the children of the place to the show at his own expense. Erra B. Taylor, of Warren, O., who was elected to congress to fill Garfield's place when the latter was made United States senator and then president, and has been re-elected right along ever since, announces his determination to resire to private life at the end of his present term.

near Plano, the town which his farm ad-

joins, he hires a special train and takes all

RAILWAY RUMBLES

The legislature of Ginic has decreed the the car store roust go by Sept. 1, 1845, or all reads over forty miles in legeth. Mexico have one rullway, the Mexico lentral, whose rule are laid on sleepers : cabeguity and whose bridges are beilt a chite markin. Another road has sleeper

D. J. Mackey, president of the Evans ville roads, has purchased the old Marinhospital at Evansville, and it is said, will

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TRY THE ARTHUR.

the Mackey roads. The street railroad inspectors agree that not one male passenger in 1,000 pays his fare in rennies, while it is not unusual for a conductor to collect four or five fares in pennies of women on a single trip. The Grand Trunk company is trying to

device a means of deing away with the

convert it into a railroad hospital for all

smoke and gas that serumulates in the St. Clair tunnel. Several employees have been seriously affected by inhaling the fumes. The Mickigan Central is equipping its lines between Buffalo and Chicago with new passenger cars from the Detroit shops, which are models of comfort to the traveler. They have plate glass windows, high backed sents, and as they are lighted by

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy read has been tising a compound engine for the past year, and it is regarded as a hig success on account of its economical use of fuel and the good work it has some A close record of the coal consumption shows that it has burned 26 per cent less

than other engines. The construction of the world's longest railroad is progressing rapidly along the river valleys and across the steppes of Siberia. The western extermity of the road is the mining town of Missk, on the ern side of the Ural range, and its castern Japan, making a total length of 4.780

CURIOUS CULLINGS.

St. Tammany parish, I.a., boarts of a wenderful spring which pours forth clear pure water during the day, but goes dry

In a New Hampshire graveyard there is

ing words are inscribed, "hacred to the memory of three twins." Se great has the density of the Dead es become that the human body easily flowte on the surface without the slightest

exertion of hands or feet. A whale recently expected in arctic waters was found to have imbedded in its side a buryoon that becomed to a whallow essel that and been out of service nearly half a centrory.

Old postage stamps are highly prined ! some and a honefred canceled stemps will buy a take. Ascordingly, it is said the Bonus Catalons are collecting the it, especially druggists: old starting and perchasing the infants.

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Poet-We can't take anything with us

into the next world, can we

Editor-No. John.

Potatoes a Specialty.

Poet (sadly)-Then I'll have to leave all that unpublished Met Editor -- Don't worry about that, John, I'll see that it's buried with you. -Kate Field's Washington.

The Pleasantest Part.

Tommy's Tellet.

hair oil in this bettle!

Mamma-Mercy, no! That's mucilage.

Tomay (lequiringly)-Mamma, is this

He (preparing to leave) - I assure you, Miss. Smarte, the time has pussed very pleasant ly this evening.

She (abstractedly)—Yes, it is pleasant to know that it is past. - Boston Transcript.

Temmy (nonchalently)-I guess that why I can't get my hat off -Good News.

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and, when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no alkali in it; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell all sorts of people use it.